CHATTANOOGA BOYS NOW ON BATTLE FRONT

Maj. J. P. Fyffe on arriving in France with the 114th machine gun battalion, was sent to a training camp for a course of instruction which means a probable promotion in rank, and a letter received from one of the boys over there pays a tribute to the major's military ability and kindness to his men. Capt. McMillin, step-son of Chancellor Garvin, is now commanding the old battalion.

The following interesting letter tells the story of the trip overseas of the battalion and its stay in England:

Somewhere in France, Aug. 15, 1918.

Dear Chattanooga Friends—When my good friend, "Jim" Massey, formerly of The News staff, fellow "hero" and bullet dodger, asked me to write a letter for The News I gladly consented, assuring him that it was always a pleasure to write letters to Chattanoogans.

I shall take it for granted that the folks back home want descriptive matter more than anything else. At any rate, before I came over, I was always very interested in anything descriptive of the countries where the great war was going on.

Our trip across was made without any accidents, mishaps or thrills. Rumors were ever present, of course. Wild, blood-curdling tales of imaginary dangers were going the rounds. But didn't we have to do something for diversion? The old "Troop B quartet" was to be heard most any time of the day—on deck and below. One thing which is very comforting to me now, and was then, was the fact that I did not "feed the fishes" during the whole voyage. So much cannot be said of many of the others, who were very generous to the finny tribe. We had days of very rough sea, and often I felt uneasy about the digestive organs, but managed to pull through.

We landed "somewhere in England," and that was a happy bunch that disembarked that day. Soon we were loaded in the third class passenger coaches, which reminded us of things American only by their resemblance to the average American bathroom. Eight of us were assigned to a "bathroom." Our packs, rifles and other paraphernalia, packed in with us, gave us but little breathing space to let. Fortunately there are glass topped doors on either side through which we could view, which we all agreed was a most beautiful country. Mile after mile we traveled through country that appeared to have been under the care of a landscape gardener. If there was a single ugly spot, pile of rubbish, or anything of what we term an "eyesore" I did not see it. The whole countryside looks like one vast park. Green, well-trimmed hedges take the place of fences in both England and France. Villages old and quaint, but pretty because of their quaintness, are scattered thickly, but never a sky-scraper to be seen. After spending a few very pleasant days of rest in a pretty little English city we sailed for France.

It seemed such a short time since we had sailed from America that it hardly seemed possible. For months we had pictured our going "over there," and at last we were "over here." After ridding ourselves of our packs, each of which consists of one Kress 5 and 10-cent store plus two Christmas trees, and cleaning up a bit, we must needs go into the city sightseeing. Neither did I forget my vest pocket edition of Blank's "French in Thirty Minutes." We would go into a restaurant or cafe and proudly call for eggs and French-friend potatoes in the purest (?) French, and would usually have our hopes of a little practice in "parleyvousing" dashed to pieces by the answer in really good English: "No, mussieer, we have no eggs today." (Incidentally, eggs are one-half franc each, or about 10 cents, so you see they are a very extravagant dish over here.) Probably then we would compromise the matter by taking on another drink of the famous "light wine or beer" which seems to be the staff of life with natives of these countries. By the way, I might add that the Schlitz-loving soldier coming over had better bring along a case or so of his favorite, as the beer here is very rotten, to use the slang which best suits it, but the wine is very good.

We have all heard of the beautiful French women, but are unanimously agreed that so far as we have seen neither the English or French can even compare with the Tennessee girls—Chattanoogans in particular.

As soon as we were settled in our permanent training camp the real work began. Some were billeted in barns, etc., but most of us had fairly comfortable quarters. I had the good fortune to billet with a bunch in an abandoned summer villa. It was truly a beauty spot. Immense grounds with a big driveway and every conceivable kind of shrub and flower. Roses in full bloom for which the florists would have asked about $15 per dozen, were everywhere for the plucking. A more peaceful spot could not have been chosen to train a peace-loving people for making war. It lost some of its peaceful aspect, however, when night came. The boches were always on the job. Our first air raid was to us all a wonderful sight. Giant searchlights playing across the skies; the whir of the engines on the death-dealing planes; the thunderous roaring of our antiaircraft guns, with their shrapnel bursting in the air and the various signal lights, makes a wonderful sight indeed. Of course the knowledge that with every explosion some life was perhaps snuffed out, some of the enjoyment of the scene was taken out. Then, too, we might be under the next one dropped, and it is no joke when they burst near you, as many of us can testify from very recent experience.

This battalion has made for itself an enviable record since coming over. Our greatest blow has been the loss of our good and grand Maj. Fyffe, who left last week in answer to a call which means advancement to him, but an irreparable loss to us. No man who has served under him these many months and observed him daily but has the profoundest respect and love for him. Hardly a man but can tell of some kindness done him by Maj. Fyffe. He has indeed been a father to us all, and we shall never forget him, or cease to wish for him the happiness and the advancement that he so much deserves.

Please do not forget that mail day is an event with us and comes too seldom. Write every boy in the army in France that you know, and above all, write him NEWS. Send him clippings, papers, magazines—anything, just so it's news. We have small "rough houses" over a Chattanooga paper a month old and read every line as never before. Perhaps you think we know what is going on in the world. On the contrary, I assure you that we are as ignorant as heathens in darkest Africa. If you will sit down and write that friend of yours over here doing what little he can, or send him a paper, you will indeed be doing a good work for your country and mine. SERGT. ROY O. MORRISON.

James F. Massey adds to the letter: "I am well. Haven't heard from Maj. Fyffe since he left. Capt. McMillin is commanding our battalion now."

WILCOX LEADS IN GOVERNOR'S RACE

Result of Republican Primary Election in Wisconsin.

Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 7.—Roy Wilcox, of Eauclaire, today is claiming the republican nomination for governor of Wisconsin over the present incumbent, E. L. Phillips. With returns to date the vote stands:

Wilcox, 71,168; Phillips, 70,992.

Those figures give Wilcox a lead of 176 votes.

SAMMIES RETURN KINDNESS

American soldiers never forget those little kindnesses that make them distinctive in the world's armies. Men of the field battalion signal corps are here carrying an aged woman into a cellar during an air raid.

DISSOLUTION OF CENTRAL POWERS POSSIBILITY

Establishment of Small Independent Nations May Be Plan.

Washington, Sept. 7.—Dissolution of the central powers, with the subsequent establishment of a group of small independent nations, is a possibility in the not far distant future.

This was frankly admitted by state department officials today following persistent reports that have come from neutral European nations telling of dissension, riots and mutinies in Germany and Austria-Hungary. That these repeated reports cannot be entirely without foundation, and that they are becoming more and more significant was admitted.

WILLIAM T. GRAY DIES FROM HEART ATTACK

Sudden Summons Comes to Engineer, Who Had Just Purchased Home.

William T. Gray, aged 56, a stationary engineer for the Tennessee, Alabama & Georgia railroad, died suddenly Saturday morning at 2 o'clock at his home on East End avenue, Alton Park. Heart failure was attributed as the cause of his demise. Mr. Gray had just bought a home in Alton Park and obtained the deed to the property on Friday.

Surviving him are his wife, two brothers, B. F., of Chattanooga, and N. H. Gray, of LaFayette, Ga., and a sister, Mrs. Lula Sprayberry, of Trion, Ga.

The deceased was a member of Trion lodge, F. and A. M.; the I. O. O. F. and Red Men. He was a member of the Baptist church. Funeral services, conducted by Rev. Wood, of the Alton Park Baptist church, will be held from the residence Sunday afternoon at 3. The body will be taken Monday morning to Trion for interment.

Mrs. C. W. Breaker.

The grim reaper has claimed Mrs. C. W. Breaker. She died Friday night at 10:25 at her home, 1803 East Twenty-seventh street (Foust Addition)), after a short illness. Surviving her are her husband, C. W. Breaker; her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Henderson; two sisters, Miss Pauline Henderson and Mrs. J. H. Elliott, of Dilworth, Tex., and a brother, James J. Henderson, of Camp Wheeler, Macon, Ga.

Charles Douglas Faidley.

Funeral services over the body of Charles Douglas Faidley, aged 13, who died Friday evening in a local hospital of spinal meningitis, will be held at the grave in Forest Hills cemetery Saturday afternoon at 4, with Revs. Mullins and Catron officiating. Pallbearers are announced as W. L. Bork, Sam E. Behm, Dan Carruth, W. L. Treece, Charles Douglass and C. L. Martin, Sr. Surviving the deceased are his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arch Faidley, and the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. Ralph K. Wilson, Mrs. H. W. Anderson, Catherine, Arch, Alice and William Faidley.

DEATH OF INTERNED GERMAN PRISONER

George Gustave Francois Couturier, an interned German sailor, died suddenly Saturday morning in the infirmary of the war prison barracks at Fort Oglethorpe. He had only been at the prison camp a few days. The medical report as to the cause of his death has not yet been submitted. The body was removed to Chapman's undertaking establishment.

ALLIES WARN BOLSHEVIKI

They Will Be Held Responsible for Safety of Officials.

Washington, Sept.—Bolsheviki authorities at Moscow have been warned by the allied powers through the ministers of Holland, Denmark, Switzerland and Norway that they will be held personally responsible for the safety of allied consular officers and missions now detained in Russia.

FRENCH ATTACK SUDDENLY WITH SUCCESS IN ITALY

Italian Headquarters in Northern Italy, Sept. 7.—(Havas.)—French troops yesterday executed a surprise attack to the east of Asiago after a short but intensive artillery preparation. The enemy resisted stubbornly and lost heavily through the French artillery fire and grenades. The French destroyed a number of enemy shelters and took prisoners. The losses of the French were slight.

JAP CAVALRY CAPTURE TOWN ON USSURI RIVER

Tokio, Friday, Aug. 30.—Japanese cavalry on Aug. 28 occupied Krasnoyarski, on the Ussuri river front in Siberia, sixty miles northeast of Lake Khanka, according to an official statement issued today by the Japanese war office.

ONE DEATH FOR EACH 294,400 MILE SOF AIR TRAVEL

Washington, Sept. 7.—Six deaths resulted from aviation accidents at flying fields in this country during the week ended Aug. 31, the war department announced today. One fatality occurred for each 294,400 miles of air travel

ESCAPED PRISONER TELLS OF HIS LIFE IN GERMAN PRISON CAMP

For three and one-half years I was a prisoner in a German prison camp. At the end of that time I was fortunate enough to escape. Although I am a Russian, the peace of Brest-Litovsk did not give me my freedom. Like the enemy subjects who were in the same camp, I had to wait my chance to make a perilous dash for liberty.

Although much has already been written in the press of all countries about the treatment of war prisoners in Germany, nevertheless I believe that I have had experiences which are, to a certain extent, unique and worth relating. The camp in which I was confined is Camp Holzminden, on the Weser. At this place a great number of civilians who have in no way participated in the war are held captive. It is not a camp for military prisoners; it is a camp for enemy civilians.

The regime at Holzminden was fairly mild until the beginning of 1917. But when Gen. Haehnisch, a barbarous old despot, was named general of the Tenth army corps, to which district Holzminden belongs, the camp conditions were utterly changed at once. In the place of the former commanding officer, Gen. Pflugradt, who had treated the prisoners with decency and a certain amount of consideration, Col. Gallus was appointed, a half crazy individual, with years of experience as a prison director. With the aclp of a group of his underlings, more ruthless than himself, the colonel very soon succeeded in establishing a German prison regime at Holzminden.

Heaviest Work Required.

This regime involved forcing the prisoners to do the heaviest sort of labor. Every day they were required to break up and haul stone, build roads, and work in the fields. The road building was at a distance of from five to six kilometers from the camp. Work in the factories of Holzminden was also looked upon as a camp duty. Because of the fact that the prisoners were for the most part students, engineers, merchants, and so on, who were unsued to physical labor of this sort, the tasks were particularly onerous. Furthermore the guards were instructed to keep nagging at the prisoners constantly, to make them work faster.

The manner of these guards is quite indescribable. They received from the colonel himself orders of the most outrageous sort. To speed the work of the prisoners, they were told to strike them with their fists and with clubs. At the most trivial offense they were instructed to shoot. If a guard was so rash as to be friendly with one of the captives, he was severely punished. To make the guards more zealous in their work, Col. Gallus informed them that all of the civilians incarcerated at Holzminden were pirates and criminals, deserving of the most violent treatment. The result is inevitable. There were almost daily cases of physical mistreatment while I was at Holzminden. Some of the poor fellows were so badly handled that they had to be taken to the hospital.

A Dreary Day.

The day's program was a dreary one. At 4:30 we were awakened; that is, at 4:30 by German summer time, which is in reality at 3:30. At 5 we went to work. Often we could not return to the barracks at noon because we were working in a place several kilometers from the camp, and we were obliged to remain out-of-loors in the wet and the rain until 7:30 in the evening. At 9 p. m., when it was still light, we were locked up in the barracks. We had not sufficient time for sleep, rest, or even for meals.

In spite of the constant activity demanded of the prisoners, the food was poor and contained little nourishment. We did have a sort of commissary committee, composed of three prisoners. But if it for a single time ventured to complain of the soup as "unsatisfactory", the most disagreeable things always happened. Mail was frequently held up, by way of retaliation for alleged misdeeds. Mail was not allowed to be kept beyond eight days and if a post card older than that was found upon the person of a prisoner he was always rigorously punished. There was not enough clothing to make one comfortable. As we had to work out-of-doors regardless of weather or season, our clothing was often wet through, and the next morning we had to put it on while it was still damp. Colds were naturally unavoidable. The medical attention given us was absurd. The crazy colonel himself made a point of being present at almost all medical examinations, and completely dominated the physicians, who cringed before him. He was fond of saying that only the lazy ones pretended to be ill, that the camp itself was the best sanitarium, and hard work the best cure-all.

The Colonel Was Sentimental.

In spite of his brutality, the colonel had his sentimental streaks. The following anecdote is illustrative. A Frenchman, 70 years of age, was occupied in paving the street of the camp. The colonel passed by, and, as the old fellow did not seem to him to be working diligently enough, he stepped up and gave him a tremendous box on the ear. The poor old man said nothing, but took out of his pocket a little certificate, from which it appeared that he was ill and only capable of a small amount of work. The colonel was much moved, almost to the point of tears. He gave the old man eight days of exemption from all labor. But that was rather cold comfort.

Camp Holzminden was frequently visited by Gen. Haehnisch and other officials. However, they never looked at the prisoners' quarters, except in the most perfunctory way. They merely strutted through the barracks, watched the laborers at work, and then directed all their attention to the camp pigs. These pigs, the especial interest of Col. Gallus, were royally treated in their pens, and certainly led a much happier life than the prisoners, until they were slaughtered for the officers' mess.

Even the women are not spared. Lately conditions have become still worse, I am told. The women are now forced to do all sorts of burdensome things. For instance, they are put at braiding and unbraiding fish nets, and the only purpose of the taskmasters seems to be to make their fingers sore. Every Sunday, a weird walk is undertaken, to a wood about six kilometers away, from which they bring back wood on their backs. Hundreds of men and women are put at this work every Sunday, although it could easily be done by a wagon and two horses. In fact, the biggest part of the labor demanded of the prisoners is almost wholly unproductive, and serves no purpose save to torture. If any of them dare to complain, they are subjected to certain peculiar punishments, of which the most frequent is confinement in an extraordinary cell called the "bug room," a place filled with old straw mattresses and sacks, which simply swarm with vermin and lice.

Murder of a French Lad.

For some unknown reason, there had been no shootings in Camp Holzminden when I last heard. In a near-by camp at Binerbach, I well remember the shooting of an 18-year-old French lad, in the summer of 1917. Because he for an instant stopped w his guard, a stupid, half insane low, pointed his weapon at him fired. The whole garrison was hig incensed by the killing. But when general was told of it, he came to the guard, slapped him on the sh der, and said: "You did your dut Shortly afterward, the guard recei a promotion.

Read News Want Ads f bargains in homes and r estate.